Running through my veins

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/86664666.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Overwatch (Video Game)
Relationships:	Cole Cassidy/Hanzo Shimada, Genji Shimada & Hanzo Shimada
Characters:	Hanzo Shimada, D.Va | Hana Song, Genji Shimada, Cole Cassidy (Overwatch), Overwatch Ensemble
Additional Tags:	Hurt Hanzo Shimada, Poisoning, Undercover Missions, Worried Cole Cassidy (Overwatch), Worried Genji Shimada, Protective Cole Cassidy (Overwatch), D.Va | Hana Song is a Little Shit, Hanzo Shimada Has Issues, Flirting, One Shot
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-06-13 Words: 6,997 Chapters: 1/1

Running through my veins

by stringbeanzo

Summary

An undercover mission calls for dress ups and drinks. Hanzo ends up hating both of those aspects

Or: The one where Hanzo gets poisoned on a mission

Notes

Hello! Short one shot that i might add to later because i got a bit lazy at the end.
Enjoy!

Cole Cassidy was a traditional man. As was Hanzo Shimada. Cole preferred traditional weapons in his artillery. As did Hanzo. Cole dressed accordingly to his background and culture. As did Hanzo.

Cole loved playing dress up. Hanzo did not.

Cassidy was dressed as a waiter with a sleek white button up, black dress pants, and matching neck bowtie that was noticeably annoying him. At least it was noticeable to Hanzo. But despite the attire irritating him, he shone like a kid on their birthday

He was practically bouncing in the backroom where the rest of the infiltration team was finishing getting ready. Genji in a matching waiting outfit, Hana in a fancy shiny dress, and Hanzo in a silk button up with matching striped vest and pants. They were assigned this case to gather as much information on a suspected business partner of Talon, and Hanzo having so much experience with “intimidating sleezy business men” from his days in Shimada Castle, was picked to join the team of the more childish agents.

Hanzo had suspected he was also to act as a kind of babysitter. Despite having only been part of overwatch for a little under six months.

He had followed his brothers call to Gilbatrar, realizing death would not bring him he honour he felt he had lost. The more he had pondered his past life, he started to question whether he had ever been a man of honour, or just an attack dog used by the elders in the clan as they pleased. So he decided that a new beginner- change was in order. But he could not change without Genji being there to right him on his path. So, to overwatch he went.

The first month had been strange. Hanzo was not well received, but never physically punished for his wrongdoings either. He had heard whispers abruptly ending when he for once showed his face in the communal areas, and he had seen others stand between him and Genji, almost unconsciously. As if they were protecting him from Hanzo. It made him happy nonetheless, knowing that Genji was loved so fiercely by his team. His new family.

This all took a turn when Hanzo was suddenly adopted by a cowboy and forced to adopt (uncledopt?) a barely adult girl. Cole Cassidy had arrived on base as Hanzo’s second month there had started. He had been away on a long mission, absolutely exhausted, but thrilled to meet his little family.

Cole had hugged Genji so hard his metal body creaked. He unfortunately got to swallow some of his own medicine after one Hana Song came over and picked him up in her mech suit. After reuniting with the whole team, Cole noticed an unfamiliar face staring at him from the side. “Cole, this is Hanzo- my brother. Anija! Come meet my best friend!”, Genji had said excitedly while fidgeting with his hands. He was nervous, and so was Hanzo. He just didn’t show it. At all.

Everyone had expected the cowboy to despise the archer. Not even give him a chance like everyone else had done. It was given- Cole had seen Genji at his worst, when he was angry and still heeling from the brutal attack. When he would snarl like a mad dog at his enemies and look more animal than half-man half-tech sometimes. But to the team's surprise, Cassidy had taken Hanzo in with open arms and practically forced him into his routine. And with that followed Hana teaching Hanzo how to play games. Cole cooking with him. And Genji being able to spend more time with a now more open and not-so pulled taunt Hanzo.

That was why Cole was so eager to be on this assignment. It was the first case the four of them had been assigned as a complete team, AND he got to dress up! What a bargain. Hanzo however did not look happy where he sat on a little stool, getting his hair put up into a neat bun by Genji. Hanzo could have very well have done it himself, but Cole knew that the brothers sought comfort in one another through little acts like these, despite everything.

After joining overwatch, Hanzo had started growing his hair out. No one on the team thought anything of it until Genji stated how delighted he was that Hanzo was letting his black hair grow longer. Cassidy guessed that Genji seeing his brother with longer hair was like seeing the mask Hanzo had worn for so many years finally slipping a little bit at the self indulgence of preferred hairstyles.

While Hanzo looked grumpy where he sat while his hair was being handled, he also looked incredibly beautiful to Cassidy. His little bang hanging loose and his form fitting suite hugging his waist all made the cowboy weak and mushy inside. Cole let himself bask in the feelings as a treat before the work of the assignment would start. It was an easy task, and the others only had small blades hidden away in their clothes while the cowboy wielded his hidden peacekeeper. This was a non-combat assignment and if they were lucky, they would be home in time for sleep after leaving the dinner banquet that the Talon contact was believed to be attending. Piece of cake.

Hanzo was irritated. That was nothing new. But his feelings of worry were slowly making themselves more noticeable below the irritation, making it hard to focus on the task at hand. The very boring ask ahead. He was trying to listen to any clues coming from a businessman talking to him, but it was slowly becoming increasingly obvious that the man was to incompetent to be in cahoots with Talon.

Hanzo sighed and walked away in the middle of the conversation. This was the tenth bust so far. “Hana are you progressing?”, he asked into his comm and after a second it cracked to life with a negative from Hana.

Even more irritated Hanzo waived his hand towards Cassidy after finding his eyes in the room, motioning for a drink. The cowboy strutted over with an obscene amount of swagger and bowed down for Hanzo to grab a drink from the plate in his metal hand.

“Having a good evening, sir?”, why Cole was even conversing with him was beyond Hanzo, but he answered with an eyeroll before looking into the cowboys' eyes. He shook

his head, but could not help but smile a little bit. Behind Cassidy, he could see Genji serving champagne to businessmen and women, with Hana close by. But... there was one more face he recognised.

His smile slipped from his face as he realized he had been hired to kill that man just a few days before Genji came to find him on his own day of mourning. It is seldom good people who hire assassins, but it is also rare- at least for him- to be hired to kill the innocent. He remembered the man being a human trafficker and weapons smuggler, as well as himself having felt a sense of guilt for denying the job of "taking care of him", after meeting with his brother. But now seemed a good time as any to investigate. He could very well have been contacted by Talon for his skills.

Hanzo took a sip of his drink and walked towards the man and away from Cassidy. He had to almost slither between people to move forwards and when he looked up he saw the man's back to him, walking away. He sped up a little but stumbled as a man backed into him. He almost fell sideways but the man whose back he had been focusing on had turned around at the commotion and stabilized Hanzo with a hand.

Hanzo looked up to thank him when he realized it wasn't the same man as before. *Kuso,* Hanzo swore under his breath and turned around to find the other man, but without success. He sighed and took a deep swig of the drink he collected from Cassidy, only it tasted different this time.

He staggered suddenly, spilling the remainder of his drink. He felt as if his insides were on fire and he heard a deafening shot ringing through the air. He looked around for someone, anyone. But all he could see were people frantically running towards the doors. He felt some of them step on his body, but even with the pain of his bones creaking together he still couldn't move.

It all happened out of nowhere. Cole had been gossiping with an old lady for one minute and then ducking from shots being fired the next. He swore under his breath and raised his head to evaluate the situation. People were running and screaming around him, but it was unclear where the shot came from. He swirled around to look for his teammates, immediately spotting Genji and Hana who were moving towards him.

"Cole are you all right?", Genji asked whilst hovering his hands over Cassidy's arms. Cole only nodded and took note of how both looked unharmed as well. He turned to look up at the ceiling. "Don't know if the shot was even fired towards anyone. No one's screaming bloody murder so it reckon it was a warning shot", he said while pointing up.

"A warning shot... or a distraction. Has anyone seen my brother?", Genji started looking around after Hanzo and Cassidy's heart skipped a beat. They couldn't see him anywhere.

Cole grabbed both Hana and Genji and pulled them towards where he had seen Hanzo walk a few minutes earlier, all while he and Hana shouted Hanzo's name together with Genji calling out to his brother in Japanese. The crowd had thinned out significantly now and it seemed like the gunman had made an escape with the mass of people.

They finally spotted a body on the ground just as they were able to use their previously turned off comms to contact with strike commander Winston back on base. Both Cole and Genji ran towards Hanzo, letting Hana explain the situation to Winston as she walked over.

Genji reached his brother first and began looking him over. He had seen Hanzo in much worse shape before, memories he did not enjoy thinking about, but that calmed him now that he saw his brother with only a few bruises. He must have passed out from hitting his head. Reaching forward he felt the back of Hanzo head, lifting him slightly. But there was no bump.

Genji looked at Cassidy who was also clearly confused as to why Hanzo had passed out. He wasn't shot, not even bleeding- so why was he laying on the floor nonresponsive? Genji watched as Cassidy felt for Hanzo's pulse, and then after he felt one go to shake at his shoulders. He knew that the cowboy had feeling for his brother, it had been clear ever since the beginning.

Genji had spent a long time convincing Cole that Hanzo was a good man. He spoke of how nurturing Hanzo was as a child, and when that didn't work, he spoke of how that nurturing instinct had been forcefully stripped away with pain, brutal standards, and conditioning. How he always saw pain behind Hanzo's eyes when he tried to make himself seem cold, and how his last memory before waking up in Dr Ziegler's care, was of a horrid gut-wrenching sob coming from his brother, who was, at this point in time, believed to be as spared of human feelings as their father. That all changed how Cole spoke of Hanzo, and when he finally saw Hanzo-Genji could tell he had almost been starstruck. Awed how a man who had been through so much looked so stable. Genji found the switch very amusing, less so when he realized the cowboy was trying to undress his brother with his eyes.

The room was fully cleared out now and Genji could hear Hana talking with Winston about them needing an EVAC right away. "Ask him to put Angela on the communicator. Hanzo is not waking", Genji turned back to Hanzo when Hana nodded, he could hear Winston calling for Angela from his position and he breathed a sigh.

Cassidy did not have the same patience. He leaned forward again, but instead of shaking the archer he slapped him hard across the face. Genji jumped and was just about to tell the cowboy off when they all heard Hanzo groan on the floor.

The two men immediately crowded Hanzo, watching him carefully while he struggled to wake up.

Hanzo felt like his head had been stuffed full of cotton. He used his hands to feel around himself, and then cradled one hand to his cheek that was stinging. Why was his cheek stinging? Was he sunburned?

He opened his eyes to confront the sun for daring to sting him in such a disrespectful manner, but found that the sun looked an awful lot like Cole Cassidy. *"Stop stinging me at once sun man!",* His voice didn't sound threatening at all, much to Hanzo's dismay. He sounded more like a drunkard.

Cole looked down at Hanzo, confused. He knew some Japanese phrases, mostly curse words and profanities, but couldn't understand what Hanzo was saying. Much less with all the mumbling he was doing. He looked at Genji who had laughed at what Hanzo said before, but now looked more worried than entertained as Hanzo kept mumbling incoherently in their mother tongue.

"Hanzo what are you saying I cannot- Hanzo please look at me-", Genji frantically started tapping at Hanzo's face as his eyes started drifting to all around the room, his breathing heavy and exasperated. Cole put a hand on his shoulder to stabilise him as he started twitching a little bit

"Woah what's going on? What's he saying?"

Genji looked closer at Hanzo eyes before answering with a worried voice. "I have never seen him like this... i thought he had a concussion at first- he was mumbling about you being a sun man. But now it seems...Look at his eyes Cole"

Hanzo's pupils where both diluted and surrounded by reddened retina. "He looks high as shit to be honest"

Genji only nodded and started heaving his brother up into his lap to hold him still as his twitching got worse. Thankfully Angelas voice drifted through the comm, asking for a report on Hanzo. After Genji gave a quick explanation the situation, Angela concluded that she would come with Lena on the orca so that she could treat Hanzo on the way back. After getting confirmation that they would be arriving in ten minutes, Hana put her comm away and sat down at Hanzo's side. He was still twitching and mumbling but seemed to calm slightly by Genji running his fingers through his hair and Cole holding one of his hands.

She took hold of the other hand and they waited together.

The fragile peace didn't last long. After a few minutes Hanzo suddenly stopped twitching all together for one moment and then it was like his whole body became pulled taught. Every muscle in his body flexed and he threw his head back with a breathless grunt of pain as he seized. Genji, with panicked movements, tried to hold Hanzo's head to cushion it as he pushed it violently into Genji's synthetic stomach in violent bursts. Hana and Cassidy both gasped as their hands were crushed in Hanzo gasp.

"Hanzo! Anija, do you hear me? *What is happening?"*

Hana quickly turned her com back on. One of her hands were still stuck in Hanzo's grasp and she had to pry his fingers open, in order to get her shaking hand back. She noticed how Hanzo's hand immediately went back into a clenched fist as soon as she let go.
This couldn't be good.

"How far away is the orca with Angela?! Hanzo he-"

"Hana what's happening?", Angela answered as the static broke.

"He's seizing- i don't know he's just shaking really violently, and it sounds like he's having trouble breathing", Hana's usually confident and coy voice was now serious and hurried. She hadn't seen Hanzo indisposed before. He sometimes got banged up sure, worst of all when he had gotten stabbed in the shoulder a few months back. But he always went about like it was nothing, and the grumpy old man could rival Morrison in refusing to be doted over. Hana found it entertaining most of the time. Not this time. Especially not with Genji frantically trying to get through to his brother, and Cassidy looking pale where he sat at Hanzo's side with his hand still in his own despite the strength of which it was gripping.

"Sounds like a seizure but we need to know what caused it. Does he have any headwounds? Something that would indicate that he hit his head hard?"

Genji shook his head and Hana passed the message on to the doctor.

"Okay, that can be both good and bad. Genji, has this ever happened before?"

"No- Angela please you must hurry", Hanzo was grunting even harder in his brother's grasp. His breaths through his teeth, fast and shallow, worryingly so. If whatever made him seize didn't kill him, then lack of air would.

"I don't know what could be causing this then. He could have been injected with something to bring this on but it will have to wait until we la-"

"We're landing just outside of the buildings back entrance love! Get a move on!", Lena could be heard in the background as she cut Angela off.

All three surrounding Hanzo sighed with relief. Now they just had to move him. Genji looked at his brother as he slid out from beneath him, hand still underneath his jerking head. Hanzo looked pale and his eyes had slid into the back of his head, eyelids partially shut and fluttering. His legs were locked and his arms were pulled close to his body as he spasmed. Genji slowly put him in a seated position by pushing his shoulders forward. He could lift Hanzo despite their size difference, but Cassidy beat him to it. Sliding his metal arm under Hanzo's now bent knees, hand pulling his flesh arm from the tight grip it had been held in to hold Hanzo's back.

It was no easy feat getting Hanzo up. He was heavy as shit, even for Cole, and he wasn't helping by putting his arms around his neck like you would normally do. No, his hands were preoccupied with unconsciously digging nails into calloused palms.

Genji helped Cassidy stand with his anija in his arms. He knew that it must have felt strange for Cole and Hana to see Hanzo like this, because he was right there with them. When they were back home in Hanamura as playful little kids (one more than the other), Hanzo would never let Genji know when or if he had been injured. He remembered how he thought of his brother as a superhero who could not feel pain, and how that all changed when he found out what the elders did to Hanzo when he limped, winced, or even reacted to pain.

He had gone to find Hanzo after they had sparred in the presence of their grand uncle Shimada Haru, and Hanzo stumbled and hissed in pain after Genji had delivered a blow with his dulled training sword right after tapping to be released from Hanzo's gi cross-choke. The sword had hit his foot where an angry purple bruise already had made a home.

Genji had not thought much of it that day. He actually remembered being a little proud of himself, even if the move technically wasn't legal in sparring. But now... now Genji did not look back on the memory with smugness. Remembering how his brother had been called weak. How he was made to train all through the night, every movement being centred around his injured leg. Genji now understood why he rarely saw his brother hurt. That really did not help in this situation. He didn't know what Hanzo needed, what to do, how to act. He felt utterly useless, all his hope falling on Angela being able to help.

With Cassidy stable on both feet, they quickly made their way out towards where the orca was supposed to have landed. Almost tripping in their haste. When they made it out they were met by Dr. Ziegler stepping out of the Orca, medical coat on and a frown lining her face. Her eyes immediately landed on Hanzo's still seizing body. Face squished into Cassidy's chest as he had started to curl up instead of arch back.

"Quickly, bring him on board and put him on the prepared examination table. Do any of you know how long he has been seizing?"

Cole carefully put Hanzo down on the table and took a step back, still holding one arm on the jerking man so that he wouldn't fall. Both from his own movements and the Orca lifting from the ground, ascending.

"No clue Ange, maybe ten minutes? His breathing don't sound good at all you- ya gotta do somethin'"

Angela only nodded and frowned even more at Cassidy's response. She gestured for the three agents to step back as she checked Hanzo. He was very pale and his eyes were still rolled back into his head. His breaths consisted of small grunts and hisses, and he was still in an active seizure. She quickly grabbed a syringe already prepped with diazopam and administered it into Hanzo's bicep. After a few seconds his body slowly started to unclench and relax. His breathing also already better from not having to grind his teath together because of the muscle spasms.

"Is it over?", Genji asked quietly after Angela put the syringe away.

"Well, we do not know what caused this so not completely. But right now your brother should be fine, i just need to che-"

Angela was interrupted by Hanzo surging up with a horrible sound escaping from his throat, almost a wail. He flopped down on his side gasping, kicking his legs and flailing with his arms as he gagged multiple times, violently.

Genji quickly threw himself forward with a nearby trashcan to hold under Hanzo . His brother immediately emptied his stomach, gasping for breath as he held onto Genji's forearm with the small amount of strength he could spare. Genjo stroked his thumb back and forth where he gripped his brother right back, muttering softly in japanese. Angela would have smiled at that if she wasn't so worried of Hanzo's state of health.

As soon as he was done puking it was as if all his strength left him, hand in hand with the contents of his stomach. His head hung off the side of the slab and Genji had to hold his face in his hands and push him back so that he could rest laying down.

Angela moved to the other side of Hanzo. Genji still had his face in his hands, gently tapping his cheeks with his thumb to try and rouse him while calling his name softly. He was conscious though, that was clear. He was groaning and pawing at his stomach while moving his legs restlessly. It was a strange sight, seeing someone so formally dressed- in the mission appropriate business clothes- being this vulnerable.

Hanzo's eyes finally blinked opened as Angela opened his vest and button up shirt to check his heartbeat with a cold stethoscope.

"Hello Hanzo, welcome back. Could you answer some questions for me?"

Hanzo just looked at her with squinted eyes. Looked at her, then Genji who was propping his head up, her, Genji, her, Genji- over and over again until he finally answered- "eughh"

Genji put his head down on his brother's chest and Cassidy coughed awkwardly in the background.

Angela was about to ask him again when he suddenly spoke.

"It hurts, Genji make it stop, please-", he breathed with a raspy, wet voice while pawing at Genji, "It was not the sun- it- it was the drink, それは密輸業者だった"

Genji resumed stroking his brother faced and shushed him, like Hanzo used to do when Genji was the one who was hurt and looking for comfort. His heart ached and his st omach hurt just hearing his brother beg like this. He adjusted Hanzo's neck, making the other man scrunch up his face, before looking at Angela.

"He- please Angela help him! He is speaking incoherently just like before I- he's saying something about a trafficker businessman"

That made Angela perks up. Hanzo mentioned something about a drink and apparently a business man. This apparently wasn't something that had happened to Hanzo before and he had no head wound that could explain the seizure otherwise.
And now Genji had said that Hanzo was speaking incoherently before he started siezing.
It is normal to feel groggy and confused after an episode, especially when they last as long as Hanzo's did. But if he was groggy before too...

"He might have been drugged... or poisoned"

All he could comprehend was a deep bitter and fiery feeling of something burning inside of him.
It stretched out to his limbs, making synapses fire without his permission- resulting in his whole body feeling like it was locked. Then it let go for a millisecond, letting him relax, only for the circle to start again, another millisecond later. Trapped and then freed. Over and over again. Not letting him escape from the burning inside, but not quite letting it kill him.

Maybe the hell he long thought he deserved had finally taken him.

But no, because suddenly he felt as if his entire stomach twisted and suddenly, he was leaning over a bucket- throwing up so hard it felt as if he would faint. He felt himself be maneuverer by someone else, his body being pliable with the aftershock and exhaustion Hanzo felt.

His stomach now felt painfully empty.
Like there was a coating of the fire he had thrown up still clinging onto the walls of his organ's inner linings, now with nothing else present to dull it's effect. He felt hands on his face and someone calling his name, but it did little to ease the sickness that was building once again. He tried to change position, moving his legs and grabbing at his stomach uselessly, but then more hands appeared on his trapped body, and he finally opened his eyes.

In front of him, or more above him, was his little brother. He was calling his name and his metallic hands held Hanzo's face steady.
A woman with a blurry face was also speaking to him in English, that god forsaken language. Annoyed with both the language and the ever persistant pain, he looked back and forth to his little brother and the woman. Trying to cue Genji into just answering for him, but to no avail. When he gave up and tried to speak, a twinge of pain transformed his words into a more of a hiccup. He curled in on himself and grabbed at his brother once more, the pain steadily building, the fire ready to trap him again.

He desperately called out to his brother for help. Mumbling everything he could think of to make him understand that he had fire within him. That the businessman probably fed him par ts of the sun. How did he get the sun into his glass? *Genji needs to get it out NOW!*

In his panic as the sun started to rise in his stomach once again, like morning arriving after a night without rest, all he can comprehend is the woman hurriedly speaking to Genji while grabbing something. He sees whatever she grabbed being placed over his mouth and nose, and Genji taking hold of his face once more. *Sleep, anija.*

Hanzo's eyes began to flutter with another burst of sudden exhaustion. How he could sleep with the sun so close was beyond him. Let this be a testament to what he does to appease his little brother; he sleeps in pain with the sun still boiling within.

Voices flitter in and out. Is he okay? What happened? No! Don't touch him, move back- we're going to the medbay. HANZO!

A crowd is the last thing they need

He doesn't answer. Silence comes after that. Realization. They won't know anything. The silent worry lay thick as the hurried steps of the teenage girl, the cowboy, the brother, and the doctor disappear.

Worry for someone else can sometimes crowd a room so tight that every resident's breath is taken away. The wind is the only thing aiding their intake of air. Not any good news that lead to a gasp of relief. At least not yet.

Hanzo felt like he had been hit by a truck. There was a steady throbbing spread throughout his body, but there was no sharp pain accompanying it like usual.
Orienting himself back to his surroundings was difficult at first- the throbbing combined with the complete exhaustion he felt hindered his usually sharp instincts-, but the horrid melody of double snoring coming from his... somewhere, helped somewhat. To his own knowledge, there were only two people in the world that could make so much noise while sleeping. His brother and that ridiculous cowboy he's secretly so fond of.

Trying to move was like trying to crack out of a hard shell. Here he was. Hanzo, former mercenary, current hero of overwatch, a Shimada, and apparently baby bird. He brought his shaking hand slowly towards his face, where there was something annoying itching his nose. He pulled it out and finally managed to open his eyes to look at it. A nasal cannula. *Ah right. I remember.*

Sighing, he let go of the cannula, at least he wasn't burning from the inside anymore, but laying in the med bay completely useless was almost worse. The bed felt scratchy beneath him where he was laying on his side, curled up like he's been kicked in the stomach. He put his left arm down on the bed and pushed himself up in order to lay on his back. He groaned as he repositioned himself, straightening out his sore legs. The sound of both his complaining and his knees crackling echoing through the room.

A snort made him to look to his left. Cassidy's hat was pulled over his eyes, but both his arms were flaying out and feeling around himself, accidentally smacking Genji in the throat as he- now blinded- tried to balance on the chair he was sleeping on. It made Hanzo chuckle despite his predicament.

Cassidy finally managed to put his hat back in its rightful place but immediately removed it to put it on his chest, almost forlornly. "Hanzo, hun- you 'wake?"- a smile made its way onto his lips, cracking a shell that had been put in place, just like it was for Hanzo. The shell was completely shattered, obliterated, when his smile was softly reciprocated.

Cassidy made his way to the side of the bed, chair in one hand and hat in the other- kicking Genji, who was sprawling on the floor in the process. "Hey, ninja boy wake up, yer brothers awake", he sat down and leaned forward on the chair to pat one of Hanzo's hands. Hanzo squeezed his forearm in return, closing his eyes again. "How're ya archer? Gave us quite a scare for a second there", Hanzo just squeezed his arm once again. "I bet yer worn slap out Han, but Angela said it was important she come an' talk to ya when you woke up"

Hanzo sighed. Nothing sounded more appealing than just going back to sleep now that he knew he was safe. He shifted a little more towards the cowboy, shuffling his shoulders and pulling a little on his arm to turn on his side again. His hair fell to cover his face as he burrowed in the pillow in protest to being kept awake. First, he heard the cowboy chuckle and get up, then he felt his fingers on his forehead, bringing his hair back and away from his eyes. He had never touched Hanzo's hair before.

Begrudgingly looking up, he tried to meet the cowboy's eyes. But he was to busy looking at his own scarred tan fingers being tangled in a pool of black silky strands of hair... hair that seemed to not be completely loose?

"What has Genji done to my hair?", the man in question was only now slowly rising from the floor. "He speaks! He just put in a braid darlin, dontcha worry", Cassidy straightened up and looked over his right shoulder at Genji for a second before smiling back at Hanzo. It's no wonder Hanzo thought he was the one who had burned him.

"I'll let yer brother take it from here. I'ma come get ya both later when it's time for supper. The team will be excited to see you, but the doctor will hav'ta do for now"

He leaves with a pat on Hanzo's legs and a wink.

A robotic *hehehe* snapped him out of the stupor that preposterous wink and that damn cowboy put him in.

"You're blushing an awful lot brother," he spoke in their mother tongue as he moved to sit on the bed, forcing Hanzo to scootch over, "you lose your composure the more time you spend with Cole. Looks like having your hair played with really riels y- hehehhe Hanzo are you emberassed?"

Hanzo made himself comfortable on the pillow again, after smacking Genji in the face with it.

Dumb cowboy and even dumber brother.

“Forgive me brother, but you cannot expect me to act accordingly when I have woken up in a strange place after being drugged”

When his rare joke was met with silence, he looked up at his brother who had placed a hand on the side of his head, hugging him with his palm and his hip where he sat next to the pillow. “Genji?”

“You were poisoned. I have never seen you like that,”, he shifted on the bed, Hanzo put a hand on his artificial knee, “it was like you didn’t understand a word i said- and you begged for it to stop and none of us could do anything. Angela was not sure you would make it, but yesterday she came and got me. Told me that you would be okay. I had been waiting for 13 hours”

Genji’s gaze turns down to Hanzo. He doesn't tell his brother how he kept thinking of that time he had hurt Hanzo’s foot, afraid him remembering not being allowed vulnerability.

“Genji, I am okay, truly. I just wish to sleep, and I believe that you do too. Come.”

Nostalgic memories rushed through both brothers as Hanzo lifted the blanket and made even more room for Genji on the tiny hospital bed. Just like when they were little, Genji lay flat on his back with both of his legs over Hanzo’s, who had always preferred to lay on his side, looking over his brother.

A grunt came from Hanzo as the jostling from Genji trying to make himself comfortable. Genji immediately stopped as Hanzo put a hand on his stomach, waiting for it to settle and the unexpected pain to stop.

“Hanzo-”

He put his hand up to stop him, “Okay, okay, okay, okay”, voice through gritted teeth despite his insistence. He took a deep breath as the pain slowly ebbed away and the world came back to him. He had one hand on his stomach still, clenched tightly. The other hand was however *being* clenched tightly by a worried Genji.

“Will you be able to rest, brother? Or should i get Angela?”, Hanzo answered him with a squeeze of his hand as he laid down and shut his eyes.

“I am more tired than I am hurting, little brother. Let the dragons rest.”

Hanzo could hear another *hehehe,* coming from Genji before he relaxed once more. Soon enough, the exhaustion of their bodies undermined their worried minds, and they fell into a sleep in the comfort of their bodies tangled together, just like their brotherly dragons, depicted in a mist of smoke and scales, did on the great tapestry outside of their childhood bedrooms.

Hanzo did not enjoy being stuck in a wheelchair.

He had woken up to Dr. Ziegler scolding Cassidy for barging into the room, saying something about a “bull in a china shop”. The doctor had told him that the poision had taken a big toll on his body, almost causing complete organ failure and therefore leading to his brain having been deprived of oxygen for a little too long. When she had said that, Genji had squeezed his hand so hard his bones had ached afterwards. Hanzo hadn’t been able to comfort him, too busy worrying about himself for once. His foggy mind and throbbing headache made sense now.

Angela had kept explaining pretty hurriedly after that. Possibly because of how Cassidy had started walking back and forth. Or maybe more likely because of how Hanzo’s eyes were glued to him, walking back and forth, back and forth- following him and noticeably becoming more stressed with every turn Cassidy made.

In the end, Hanzo just ended up in the wheelchair and a stern telling to keep it easy for a week, only walking with support, and eating easily digested food until the next checkup.

Speaking of food, Hanzo was not feeling like eating. At all. Cassidy, who was pushing his wheelchair, was rambling on about food he would cook him to help him get back on his feet. Hanzo swallowed, feeling bile rise in his throat. They entered the kitchen and all eyes landed on Hanzo, sitting cross legged in the wheelchair.

He swallowed again.

“Hello-”

“Hanzo you’re okay!!!”, Lena threw herself at him, only managing not to hurt him thanks to Cassidy grabbing both of her shoulders before her whole weight landed on him. Hanzo smiled at her but was interrupted again.

“Yeah yeah calm down, he ain’t out of the woods yet Lena.”, Cassidy manouvered his wheelchair to the table, putting his hand on Hanzo shoulder when he noticed him holding onto his stomach.

“You okay?”

“Fine”

Cassidy didn’t look convinced, but sat down in a chair beside him nonetheless. He was fine, really. The fire was not returning and he was not dying. Just very close to throwing up. His stomach felt heavy, he felt dizzy, and when he looked around the room at everyone staring at him- it just got worse. He swallowed again.

Why were they staring? Did they think he was faking his ill state? Did they wonder if he really needed the wheelchair? Would they contact his father to tell him his eldest son was weak?

Someone was calling his name. Someone was touching his shoulder. Something was coming up his throat.

He clamped both his hands over his mouth hard.

“Woah Hanzo, my friend, what is going on?”, Reinhardts voice boomed over the others asking similar questions.

“Hey hey hey. Open your eyes Hanzo. You can throw up, let it out.”

Cassidy was on one of his knees in front of him, holding a trash can under Hanzo’s chin.

All the fight suddenly left him. He grabbed the trash can and weakly coughed up bile while Cassidy pushed him back into the dorms. He still felt confused and foggy, and suddenly he in his room, being lifted by the cowboy.

He grunted as he was jostled- and breathed out when he was put down onto his cot on the floor. He had started shivering from a cold sweat, and Cassidy noticed that he had beady eyes that kept looking around the room, blinking slow sickly blinks. He was breathing heavily, making his chest rise unnaturally high.

Cassidy rubbed his hands together as his nervous feeling went into overdrive. He debated calling Angela to check on him but ultimately decided on leaving it to the morning. He bent down to cover Hanzo with his thin blanked, when his feet were suddenly swept by Hanzo’s leg.

“Hey what?!”

Hanzo giggled.

“Why you do that for huh? If you want me in your bed, you can just ask darling.”

Cassidy was joking, kind of, but he still blushed.

“Can you stay the night?”

Cassidy took a quick breath. He was laying across Hanzo, holding his head up with his hand. He put his hand down and supported himself to sit up, straddling Hanzo’s knees. Not being quite brave enough to properly do it.

“Of course darlin’”, he worried his lips between his teeth before continuing, “You just want me here or are you worried about what Ange said?”

Hanzo looked away. Not answering until Cassidy carefully put his hands on both of his thighs, dragging them up and down in a soothing motion,

“Both”

Cassidy stopped. He felt Hanzo put his hands above his in the dark. Holding onto him tight.

“Okay. I’ll stay. Of course I'll stay.”

Hanzo immediatly turned onto his side and pulled Cassidy down so that he could fall onto the cot once more. Still keeping his legs wrapped around Hanzo. They crept closer to each other and Hanzo ended up burrying his nose in the crook of Cassidy’s neck.

“How long will you stay?”

Cassidy leaned back. Hanzo was still shivering, eyes foggy and confused. He grabbed the sick man’s cheek, stroking it fondly with his thumb. Hanzo closed his eyes.

Cassidy brought his other hand up to hold Hanzo’s jaw and leaned down to softly kiss his forehead. He felt Hanzo’s hands snaking around his torso in response.

“However long you’ll let me”

At that, they somehow pulled each other even closer.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!